

50c

after hours

Vol. 1, No. 3



**SPECIAL FEATURE—
GIRLS & GAMBLING
IN LAS VEGAS**

**GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
and SOPHIA LOREN**

**MONTE CARLO
of
AMERICA**

after hours

time to take off...

on a fabulous adventure to LAS VEGAS
in this issue's folio section with
articles, picture stories and humor about
the guys, dolls and dice tables of
the nation's liveliest town.

Bewitching ARLENE STEVENS (right)
appears on page 16, along with fiction
by our girl author BARBARA LANE,
some eye-opening comments
and photographs on
ITALIAN MOVIE QUEENS,
and a variety of features
that beats watching television . . .

Let's go!



after hours

Vol. 1

No. 3

CONTENTS

PICTORIAL

After Hours with Joan Arnold	4
Venus from Vegas—Folio	16
Vegas Brand of Cheesecake—Folio	24
Do-It-Yourself Department	38
Carol and Camera	44

ARTICLES

Fabulous Las Vegas—Folio	10
Monte Carlo of America—Folio	20

FICTION

The Man Who Never Lost—Folio	14
Too Late	28

HUMOR

"Lost Vegas"—Folio	19
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FEATURE

Gina, Sophia and Company	32
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JAMES WARREN Editor-in-chief

RICHARD SHERMAN Art Director

Contributors

PETE TWADDLE

GEORGE GLAZER

CAL MASSEY

SAM BOCCUTI

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after hours

with JOAN ARNOLD

Gentlemen, be seated. We have with
us this issue charming Joan Arnold,
accompanied by photographer Sam Paxton
(behind camera, of course).

Miss Arnold is one of California's
most sought after models. And no
wonder. Be our guest ...







Las Vegas



FOLIO

FROM A DESOLATE SPOT on the Nevada map to a \$100 million dollar a year gambling take in less than 25 years is the story of Las Vegas, Nevada, U.S.A.

Combine this with an unbelievable array of super-expensive hotel, motels and casinos; add a dash of the finest entertainment talent available in the world today, plus an occasional blast from a nearby A-bomb test and you get a fair picture of this plush, lush, and otherwise fantastic town.

Nothing less than a personal visit to Vegas could possibly give you an inkling of the true action-packed atmosphere of this Monte Carlo of America, but **AFTER HOURS** feels it has come pretty close to it on the following pages. Anyway, we'll take all bets. . . ▲

**1**

ON THE SCENE
THE FABULOUS
LAND OF LAS VEGAS

2

FICTION
THE MAN
WHO NEVER LOST

3

PICTORIAL
VENUS FROM VEGAS

4

HUMOR
"LOST VEGAS"

5

ARTICLE
MONTE CARLO
OF AMERICA

6

PICTORIAL
LAS VEGAS
CHEESECAKE



the fabulous land of **LAS VEGAS**

by **GEORGE GLAZER**

*From \$5,000 slot machines to neon-lit
swimming pools—there is nothing this
town doesn't have*

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA has a population of 24,642 permanent residents.

Las Vegas, Nevada was claimed for the United States as its very own in 1846 by General Stephen Carny, Commander of the Army of the West.

Las Vegas, Nevada occupies 14.1 square miles out of 109,802 square miles in the State of Nevada.

But crammed into a small portion of that 14.1 square miles is the most fabulous center of luxury, entertainment and gambling in the United States, and probably the world.

There might be other, more luxurious, expensive and glamorous hotels than, for example, the Hacienda—but where else would anyone ask for your preference in bed-sheet colors when you make a room reservation by mail (you have a choice of blue, yellow, peach or white)?

The county seat of Clark County, Las Vegas, according to a handy reference book, is 2,030 above sea level and is in the center of cattle and sheep raising country.

It should be clearly understood, of course, that the book didn't refer to the thousands and thousands of tourists who flock to the city when it spoke of cattle, nor did it mean thousands and thousands (and many more thousands) who put in a stretch at any of the convenient corner (or middle of the block) gambling casinos when it referred to sheep—'cause nobody gets sheared in Las Vegas according to the drum beaters for the hotels, the cities, and the casinos.

However, there is enough going on in Las Vegas at any given time so that, if you can stay away from the tables, you can have the best time of your life for a comparatively nominal cost.

If you can't stay away from the casinos then you might find, as Joe E. Lewis has pointed out, "Las Vegas is the only place in the world where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself."

Actually, there are three things that have attracted people to Las Vegas—gambling, which is dealt with rather thoroughly in the article on page 20 of this issue of **AFTER HOURS**; fantastically luxurious hotels, and the year round policy of presenting the top names in entertainment simply as a lure for its casinos.

It's hard to believe that a hotel like the Riviera could pay Liberace \$50,000 a week, or the Sahara fork over \$90,000 to Marlene Dietrich for a three-week engagement, bosom to her dress or no, and still come out on top.



MARLENE DIETRICH had both gamblers and tourists whistling and applauding when she stepped out onto the stage of the Sahara Hotel in a \$3,000 "bosomless" dress—transparent from the waist up. Marlene took home \$90,000 for a three-week engagement.

Yet it's done, every day, every week, by every one of the 11 big time hotels along the Strip, with the philosophy being "bring them in to see the show, give them good food at reasonable prices, and they'll drink and gamble it back ten times over."

Strangely enough, Las Vegas had a long hard pull before it was able to get the big names with any regularity.

Don't make a mistake about the high prices paid to performers—it's not generosity on the owners' part; it's necessity.

At first, it was necessary to offer big money to get anyone at all to come away from Hollywood or New York long enough to make an appearance.

Then everybody got into the act, forcing prices upward until now, it's probably a safe bet to assume that performers in night clubs in Las Vegas receive more on the average for their services than anywhere else in the country.

Of course, some of it comes right back to the owners. There are few visitors to Las Vegas who can ignore the lure of the casinos—and the performers are no different.

When they walk into the gambling rooms, they're on their own, although occasionally, the management will request a performer to make appearances in the casino, and stake him, on the theory that it's good for business.

But for the most part, it's his own money a performer spends—and his luck is no better than anybody else's.

Every big name in entertainment has made an appearance at Las Vegas somewhere along the line. As was the case with television, many of the real old pros held out for a long time—until the money got too big even for them to turn down.

Of course not all the money goes for individual performers.

The chorus lines, costumes, settings, musical accompaniment and the other trappings of a top night club show, are of the highest caliber—and only available at the highest rates.

Big name bands, on the wane for a couple of years, are midway through their comeback, and at any given time, usually two or three big outfits will be appearing somewhere in Las Vegas.

But leave it to Vegas to go one step further. Every owner looks for something more than just a straight act, no matter how big a name.

A few years back, the Royal Nevada scored a real coup by presenting the original Broadway cast (Viviane Blaine, Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Stubby Kaye, B. S. Pulley, et al) of the show "Guys and Dolls," which you could get to see merely by dining at the hotel—no cover, no minimum, no nothing except a spectacular floor show.

Performers like Zsa Zsa Gabor and Terry Moore, who have no real act (when compared to a singer, comedian or dancer, that is) have been paid fantastic sums for appearing in shows.

Needless to say, the almost topless, backless, sideless dresses Zsa Zsa, Terry and Marlene wore probably more than made up for their fee in the publicity the particular hotels received as a result of their appearances.



A FAVORITE WITH THE LAS VEGAS CROWD, Mr. Rhythm himself—Frankie Laine regularly draws a packed crowd during his many appearances in the Desert town.

STARTING OUT ON HIS FIRST SOLO VENTURE since splitting with partner Dean Martin, comedian Jerry Lewis appears bewildered as dancing blonde Geargine Marcy startled patrons at the Sands Hotel when she hopped onto the stage and began wriggling around in front of Lewis. Finally, Jerry admitted the rautine was part of his new act.

JIMMY DURANTE GETS THE FULL TREATMENT from the charus line at the Desert Inn Hotel while heading up an all-star show with his old partner Eddie Jackson.

But lest the impression be cerated that Las Vegas entertainment is all a refined girlie show, let us hastily point out that top notch performers like Jerry Lewis, Betty Hutton, Marie Wilson, Frankie Laine and Lena Horne have been featured, too—and at salaries that must make the income tax people silently bless Gen. Carney for staking a claim on Las Vegas for the U.S.

While none but a very few "on the inside" can really say, it is to be suspected that the salaries of the stars released for public consumption are slightly inflated . . . for nowhere but in Hollywood and New York will you find more of a concentration of people and places represented by press agents.

Nobody has ever counted, but it is generally known that Las Vegas, its hotels and casinos, rank pretty close to President Eisenhower when it comes to the total number of inches of newspaper editorial space devoted to a subject . . . and all of it free.

Public relations and promotion men in Las Vegas are a combination of the circus advance man, the Madison Avenue thinker and the Hollywood exploitation man all rolled into one.

One of the classic examples of a publicity grab, which, by virtue of age is now a Las Vegas tradition, is the display of \$1,000,000 in \$10,000 dollar bills which stands in Joe W. Brown's Horseshoe Club, where the biggest games in town are said to go on after 4 a.m.

Encased in an eight-foot high golden horseshoe, the money is mounted between two sheets of bulletproof glass.

Unveiled in December of 1954 to celebrate the opening of the completely remodeled casino, the management modestly admits "it has become one of the most spectacularly successful attractions in the history of Las Vegas."

Then, of course, there's the Hacienda Hotel's cash jackpot for the golfer who's lucky enough to score a hole-in-one on a 150-yard hole.

The Hacienda boasts the only night-lighted golf course in Las Vegas—and after the 18th hole, there's another green—the 19th.

For one dollar, you get two tries at a hole-in-one. Half of the money goes into the giant jackpot, and Hacienda officials say that winners get a minimum of \$5,000 every time they drop a single shot into the cup. And just so the golfer doesn't go away mad in case he doesn't win, he also gets a 50-cent merchandise token good for drinks or chips at the Hacienda.

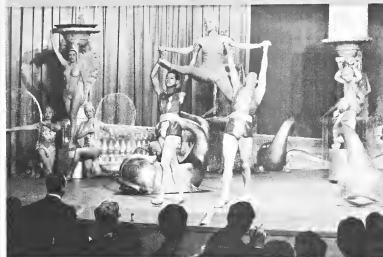
Don't get the impression, though, that the hotels and casinos are the only ones who go in for public notoriety.

While it is unusual, on the face of it, for a city the size of Las Vegas to have a fully-staffed municipal press bureau, when you take into consideration that its life blood comes from outside Las Vegas, it is easy to understand.

continued on page 37



ZSA ZSA GABOR seems amused at exchanges offered by George Burns and Jack Benny during a dinner party at the Hotel Riviera. Zsa Zsa was the recipient of many tons of newsprint during her recent stint at the Vegas hotel, where she appeared in a brief sequined gown.



HOTEL RIVIERA'S PLUSH FLOOR SHOW rivals Broadway for lavish staging and high-priced talent. Nothing is spared in a constant effort to keep the customers dazzled.



*Wide-open gambling
and fast women
brought the professor to
Las Vegas. The casinos thought
they had a sucker, until they
discovered he was . . .*

The man who never lost

by BARBARA LANE

JOHN MULLER was a small town college professor of 40 who had saved \$5300. Considering John Muller, this was indeed a grand sum. If you were to ask him how he did it, he'd remove his tortoise shell glasses and begin to clean them as he'd tell you that he had saved the money over the years by not allowing himself any pleasures, any entertainment, any of the accepted luxuries of living. And then, using his glasses for emphasis, he'd point them at you, and say, "A man's got to save for a rainy day." And thus it was that Professor Muller was not married, had no close relatives or friends.

One day, Professor Muller fell ill during his lecture to the juniors on English History, and the school doctor was summoned immediately. After a thorough examination, the doctor turned to him and reluctantly told him that he had contracted a rare incurable germ while out hiking with his Biology Club, and had only three weeks to live.

"John," his doctor counselled him. "Why don't you make out a will and leave your savings to a needy charity, or to the school fund. Since you have no family . . ."

"Doc," John replied slowly, carefully picking at his

words. I haven't really lived a very exciting life. I teach during the day, and then go home to read at night . . . to read about all the things I should have been doing! My only real pleasures came when I went out walking in the country. And now you see what that pleasure has brought me. Ironic isn't it doctor?"

"Now, John . . . don't be bitter, it's not like you."

"Who's being bitter?" John laughed uneasily. "In fact, I'm happy . . . because now I can do something I've always wanted to do . . . something ridiculously extravagant, lavish, and destructive."

"What's that?"

"Gamble," he said quietly, absent-mindedly wiping his glasses.

"You, gamble?"

"Uh Huh. All my life I've wanted to take a chance . . . but do you know, I've never even bought a 10 cent chance! So now I'm going to take the biggest chance there is—and have a hell of a time doing it. I'm going to Las Vegas! And I'm going to gamble away every cent I've got!"

"But, John . . . do you think that's practical?"

"Doc, I've been practical almost too long, don't you think?"

"Well . . ." the doctor stroked his chin. "Just remember, one thing, John. If you don't take it easy in those three weeks you have left, you'll die sooner . . . of a heart attack." Professor John Muller laughed.

The gaudy, flashing lights of the Las Vegas casino marquees welcomed and impressed John Muller the following day. He checked into the Three Coins, a plush hotel famous for its excellent entertainment, cuisine and casino; and asked for the best suite in the place, the best cabana by the pool and the best ringside seat in the nightclub. The reservations clerk eyed him up carefully, and then decided to roll out the red carpet for this obviously small town guy who would be perfect food for the hungry casino across the lobby.

The suite that the bellboy led John to was indeed the very best. And, after handsomely tipping the boy—something John was quite unaccustomed to—John Muller closed his door, smiling broadly as he gazed around the room. This was living! And, he thought, certainly worth dying for!

His shoes were lost in the thick pile of the grey broadloom rug, as he walked slowly over to personally caress each piece of the room's modernistic furniture. Then, walking over to the French doors which lead out to his private terrace, he surveyed his vantage point. He sucked in his breath as he saw the pool, surrounded by Bikini-clad, suntanned beauties, directly beneath his terrace. The pool was almost as blue as the lazy lake that ran by his home in Millville. Before he left his room for the cabana, he glanced over his shoulder into the bedroom at the immense circular bed with its egg-shell tufted headboard, wondering how you went about getting a woman out here.

It wasn't very long before the professor found himself back in his bedroom, trying out the bed for size and pliability. By late afternoon, however, he became nauseated both with the show-in-the-round and with his companion, a frizzy haired blonde of magnanimous proportions, so he paid her handsomely, and immediately dozed off the second she closed the door behind her.

At dinner that evening the head waiter greeted him with a firm handshake.

"Mr. Muller, we've seated you at a table for four people, who, like yourself, came alone to our fair city. It's the hotel's policy to help people become acquainted. Of course, if you'd prefer to be alone . . ."

"No . . . no . . . sir, that's quite all right. I've been alone too much in my life. You just lead on . . ."

And John Muller didn't regret his decision when he saw one of the people at the table. She was a warm, American blonde, in her late twenties, with wild green eyes that seemed to dance devilishly beneath languid eyelids, and a full mouth softly painted against a background of cream-like complexion.

At dinner, during the course of the conversation

continued on page 40

VENUS from VEGAS



Las Vegas night club acts are always exciting, unique, or just plain sensational—and the "Birth of Venus" act of Arlene Stevens is certainly no exception. Arlene, a modern Venus with ample proportions of 38-24-36 (and what's more, she's got arms . . .) has incorporated a gigantic shell into her act, as shown on these pages.

Beautiful, blonde Arlene might well be described as a modern goddess. However, she does much more than just look beautiful. When not busy working at her career Arlene can usually be found horseback riding or else water-skiing at nearby Lake Meade.

At twenty-two, Arlene does more than simulate the "Birth of Venus" in her act; perhaps at the same time she's also dramatizing the birth of a wonderful career . . . her own.





"Sure it's packing them in—But is it legal?"

"LOST VEGAS"

There's a fortune in silver dollars buried under the streets of Vegas . . . all you need is a shovel!

"PULL UP a chair, stranger."

"They tells me you're a reporter from one of them there big New York newspapers, out here looking for a story about Las Vegas. Waaal, I'll tell you what I'll do, son. You order me up a shot of Red Eye and I'll spin you a yarn that'll curl your guts!"

I glanced at my watch and saw that there was a good half hour before my bus pulled out. So I threw a few dollars on the wooden table, sat down, and eyed the bewhiskered old panhandler in front of me. The bartender placed a bottle on the table and the old gent poured himself three fingers. Then another three. After wiping his mouth with a dirty sleeve he propped his cowboy boots up on the table, leaned back, burped, and began his story:

"I don't recall the exact year, but I reckon it was about 1847 when my Grandpappy and Jed Marlton first rode into the muddy hole we now call Los Vegas. Mining, of course, was the major occupation of the time. Well sir, my Grandpappy whose name was Buck James, (no relation to Jesse), and this fella Jed had raised a stake together and they were roaming the plains and foothills of the Sierra Nevadas in search of silver and gold.

Grandpappy told me, "The first time Jed and me ever laid eyes on the town of Vegas, she was a sorry site, son. Rain was a-pouring down in buckets and we's all soaked through the buckskin to the real-skin. Our supplies were lower than a rattlesnake's belly button, and after three months on the prowl we had maybe a week's grubstake in silver dust and nary a bit o'gold.

The town is all dark and half flooded from the biggest rain they ever seen in these parts since we been here."

Jed says, "Consarn it, Buck, this town sure is a helluva looking dump to come to after two months in them beautiful hills. Boy, I sure wished we'd a gone the other way toward Salt Lake City. We'll be damn lucky to find a grub-stake here."

"Maybe, Jed, maybe. Say look there, ain't that a barber shop? Now, Jed, we's a going to get some sprucing up. I'm going to have me a real bath."

Well, as Grandpappy tells it, that bath was the start of a real, old-west adventure.

While they was a-barberin' and a-bathin', naturally they's a catching up on the local news, and, well, it seems that a fella named Frank Palmerton has just opened the first bonifide western saloon called the Silver Dollar Cafe, complete with dancing girls imported from Minsky's Dodge City. Well you don't have to be no Doc Kinsey to know that ole Jed and my Grandpappy broke out their meager silver pouch and headed right to the Silver Dollar Cafe.

Vegas was a town of about two-hundred men and

thirty women at the time, and it wasn't much for law and order, what with the sheriff hisself sellin' fire water to the teen-agers. Well Buck and Jed they ambled into the Cafe and quick-like sold their silver to Frank Palmerton, who expressed some interest in the whereabouts of its discovery as he says the U.S. Mint has a big drive on for silver.

Well, Grandpappy can see the big drive for silver at a card table in the corner of the saloon, and after he and Jed had drowned a fairly thirsty thirst they ambled over to the table. They was stopped by an advance man for the Curly Hill mob who says, "We don't like fer no strangers to play in our games, Mister."

But my grandpappy has itchy palms for them jacks and queens and he can't see nohow staying out of them games. He looks at the leader, a guy name of Curly Hill. Curly got two henchmen standing back behind him with loaded six guns to control the tempers of the more unsporting players. Grandpappy also sees the piles of silver dollars in front of this Curly Hill character and he wants to deal a few cards now even worse than when he walked over.

"Look-it here pardner," my Grandpappy says, "I know ole Curly. Why I ain't no stranger in these parts." So saying he winks right at Curly. Well ole Curly winks right back—only he is a-winking at the star dancing girl who just came on stage with nothin' on but a coupla band-aids, but this dumb advance man don't see that, so Buck and Jed are admitted to the game.

While the girls is performing some mighty lusty numbers some of the card-playin' boys are attracted away and Grandpappy gets the deal. It ain't long 'til he and Curly have all the stakes left, and Curly is getting a little wary. He starts asking questions about Daddy while his men are fingering their colt 45's very nervously.


Well ole Jed decides he needs a vantage point for the show down which is about to take place, so he finds his way over to the bar and then up the stairs to the balcony dressing rooms of those luscious dancing girls who are right in the middle of a change for the second show. Ole Jed, who wasn't so old then, got hisself an eye-ful right then and there, but he recovered from the sight of bare bellies and bare behinds fast enough, or I might never been here to tell this all to ye—anyway then is when it happened.

Grandpappy, being an old dealer from 'way back, snuffed out Mister Curly Hill and the loot was considerable. From his perch on the balcony, Jed saw the high sign from Curly to his henchmen to let Grandpappy have some fine-aged lead. Jed plugs both gunmen with two well placed shots — then shoots down the main Chandelier with its ring of flaming candles.

Grandpappy scoops the money into his 10-gallon hat and dives under a table without stoppin' to check his




continued on page 27





THREE RING CIRCUS

\$5.000

		
\$5.000	\$2.500	\$1.000
\$750		

JACKPOTS PAID AS SHOWN ABOVE

CALL ATTENDANT

\$5.000

MORE THAN 300 SLOT MACHINES occupy one end of the Hotel Fremont Casino in downtown Las Vegas. Various types of machines pay jackpots ranging from \$5, to \$10,000. Pictured above is a "Three Ring Circus" on which a player inserts 3 nickels in 3 machines, but pulls only one handle. In addition to the payoffs shown on the board, there are the usual minor payoffs for cherries, bells, and lineups of other symbols. One recent 24 hour period recorded in excess of 4,200 jackpots paid out, a rate of three jackpots a minute. The daily number of jackpots won is posted in the "slot section" and averages more than 2000.

BESIDE U.S. ROUTE 91 on the outskirts of the city stand the customary civic club markers bidding motorists "Welcome to Las Vegas."

Appropriately, the signs should include the challenge, "What'll you bet?" For whether you arrive by auto, bus, train or plane, the odds are better than 8 to 1 that you will place a wager before you leave. Tourists spend an estimated \$150 million every year in the gambling casinos which support Las Vegas' lavish hotels.

Most of the nation's 10,000 legal slot machines are in Las Vegas. Their steady whirr and clatter form a backdrop for the crowded roulette, craps, stud and draw poker tables that have made this little desert town the Monte Carlo of America.

Vying for the tourist's attention—and his money—are the swank hotels lining the Strip, as this section of U.S. 91 has become known. Neon brightly proclaims the Sands, the Dunes, Las Vegas Hacienda, Wilbur Clark's \$5 million Desert Inn and the \$6 million Hotel Flamingo built by the late Bugsy Siegal, racketeer and gambler. On Fremont St., the town's main drag, the Golden Nugget and the Hotel Fremont keep their gambling tables open day and night.

Legend are the wins and losses witnessed at the casinos. The Desert Inn still displays on a velvet cushion the cubes with which a guest rolled 28 straight passes in one hour and 20 minutes. Conceivably he could have bankrupt the amiable Clark and ended up owning the hotel, swimming pool and all.

MONTE CARLO of AMERICA

by WILLIAM O'NEIL



But he didn't. He continued playing, as do most, and ended up with a mere \$750 for his efforts. The hotel, however, dropped a cool \$150,000 covering patrons' side bets while the gentleman was "hot."

The Desert Inn boasts roulette, four blackjack tables, seven crap tables and scores of slot machines. Free-wheeling side bets are permitted at all of the crap tables, but the big money is won or lost by the craps shooters. Las Vegas is their heaven.

The house fades all comers. Payoffs are made both on the number and how the number is rolled. Six the hard way, three and three, pays 10 to one if you called it. Likewise, a pair of four's are worth 10 to 1, while pairs of fives or twos pay 8 to 1. If you bet correctly that the dice will come up boxcars or snake-eyes, you collect 30 for 1.

These are standard odds for craps, figured on a basis that assures the house a comfortable profit margin. Similarly, highest odds at the roulette table are 35 to 1 if your number comes up. From there the odds scale down to 17 to 1 for a split number, 11 to 1 for a bet covering three numbers, 8 to 1 for four, 5 to 1 for six, 2 to 1 for twelve and even money for odd, even, black or red or the top or bottom half of the board.

These odds are based on 36, as that's how many numbers appear on the wheel. But there is also zero and double-zero, giving the wheel 38 numbers. The zeros are neither odd nor even, red nor black (they are colored green), hence they are known as "house numbers." They give the house its winning edge on the odds.

All of Las Vegas' games of chance can safely be assumed to be honest. If you gamble and get cleaned, don't blame the house. Even the slot machines are geared to give players roughly a 96 percent payoff, with the house getting only a 4 percent gate.

Result is that while individual players may leave the casinos richer by several thousands of dollars, the casinos can count on a handsome profit from the mass of players. Like less dramatic business enterprises, they count on volume turnover to keep them operating in the black.

To attract this volume, hotel operators pay fabulous salaries to top-name entertainers to perform at their casinos. People who come to catch a big star in a personal appearance rarely leave without pausing at one of the gambling tables or slot machines.

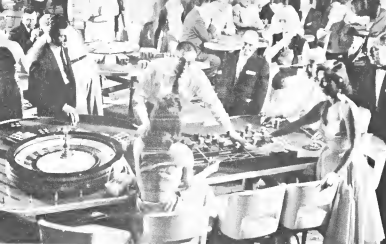
The performers themselves are anything but immune to the gambling fever. Much of their time between shows is spent at the tables. Inside-dopesters maintain that the reason Las Vegas showmen can afford to pay \$50,000 a week for an entertainer is because they know most of the money will stay in the till after the star leaves. Top-flight comics Joe E. Lewis and Phil Silvers regularly work gags about their gambling losses into their acts at Las Vegas.

Sex takes a back seat in this desert community. A pretty girl in a bikini will get little notice in a casino unless she hits the jackpot at one of the "one-armed bandits" that line the walls. When Marlene Dietrich played a night-club date here in a transparent dress adorned with the barest handful of strategically-placed sequins, the resultant nation-wide publicity was fine for Las Vegas and for La Dietrich. But it's safe to bet that more attention was paid to her revealing costume by newspaper readers in other cities than by the gambling population of Las Vegas. (Don't let this information discourage you. See our pictorial section on page 24.)

Slot machines get the biggest play in Las Vegas, with crap tables running second. Although the wins and losses at craps are more spectacular, the slot machines con-

SLOT MACHINES see all kinds of action in Las Vegas. Hollywood actor Edmond O'Brien (left) uses a recorder to pick up realistic background for his radio show. One-arm bandit plays host (center) to young Swiss couple who recently appeared in movie "Cinéma Holiday." Even the dogs are attracted to the slots (right) along with the feminine gamblers.





LAVISH CASINO of the Dunes Hotel features a variety of games of chance, is crowded around the clock. Huge bar, entertainment provide excellent atmosphere for the customers.



FORMER UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO STUDENT Albert Hibbs places chips on a roulette table, where he and an associate bet in relays, playing a "system." Casino officials estimated the two men quit while \$1,200 ahead of the game.

tinue to attract the majority of tourists. Included in this number are many who have never gambled and who prefer the impersonal "privacy" of the machines to sitting in with more skilled players around the tables.

The machines take any coin from a nickel to a silver dollar. At the Flamingo Hotel there are three roulette tables, six blackjack tables and seven crap tables, surrounded by 116 slot machines. Latest wrinkle involves harnessing two or even three machines together for bigger odds and bigger payoffs.

One such arrangement has two machines linked, requiring the hopeful player to deposit \$2. If he lines up 7-1-1 on both machines, he collects \$2,000. Since there are three reels to spin in each machine and 20 stops on each reel, the odds against this jackpot are impressive. Counter-balancing this discouraging factor is an encouragingly-long list of smaller payoffs which can be hit by lining up two or three of a kind on either or both machines.

A four-reel slot machine, the "Buckaroo," has recently put in an appearance. The addition of the extra reel gives the machine 160,000 possible combinations, as opposed to 8,000 combinations on the customary three-reel machines. But if the odds are impressive, so are the payoffs. If a player lines up four pictures of broncbusting cowboys he collects \$250 on a nickel bet, or \$5,000 on a \$1 bet.

In the Hotel Fremont in downtown Las Vegas more than 300 slot machines sit at one end of the casino. Their jackpots range from a paltry \$5 to a whopping \$10,000. One of the busiest contraptions is a three-machine combination aptly named the "Three Ring Circus."

This device takes three nickels and pays \$5,000 if the player lines up nine of a kind. This lure, plus a host of smaller jackpots, keep the machine in constant play.

The "Circus" reputedly set a payoff record not long ago when it paid out more than 4,200 assorted jackpots within 24 hours, for an average of three jackpots a minute.

Most of the five and ten-cent slot machines are to be found away from the Strip, scattered throughout the business district of Las Vegas. Machines are even placed in barber shops to help patrons kill time—and spend money—while waiting for an empty chair. There's a rueful story told of a customer who came in for a haircut

one day and began playing the machine while waiting his turn. Pretty soon he ran broke and walked out dejectedly, still without a haircut.

At the casinos on Fremont St. the minimum bets are lower than those permitted at the plush hotels. Some of the downtown spots feature dime craps and blackjack for persons seeking a little practice before invading the sky-high games in progress at the bigger hotels.

Poker, not played in the casinos along the Strip, thrives in the midtown section. Legalized \$2 and \$4 five-card stud or draw poker games always have an open chair for anyone wishing to "sit in." Some of the games have \$20 or \$40 limits to make things even more attractive for conservative bettors.

But it is still the neon-bathed, glass-and-chrome palaces lining U.S. 91 that give Las Vegas its flamboyant character. For it's here that the big money changes hands, sometimes with a speed that dazzles the eye. There was for example the time that Hollywoodite Nick Condos won \$60,000 at a crap table by 5 a.m., flew to Los Angeles for breakfast, then flew back and dropped \$100,000 at the same table before 10 a.m.

Or the story, oft-retold with different names and amounts, of the gambler who ran \$1 into several thousand in one evening, then lost the pile before dawn. A friend asked him the following afternoon how much money he'd lost during the night's play.

"Only a dollar," was his philosophic reply.

Few people are conditioned to take their winnings and losses so nonchalantly. Wisest course to follow if you visit Las Vegas is to determine in advance how much you can afford to lose. Resolve to quit when you've lost it, and make up your mind that you're not going to worry about losing it.

With that attitude, you'll find the tables hold no perils and offer plenty of thrills. Should you lose, consider the money well spent for an exciting pastime. If you win the smart thing to do, of course, would be to quit. But if you must stay in the game, decide to quit either when you're back to your original stake or, as a last resort, when you have dropped the limit you previously imposed on yourself.

If you stick to your resolution, there should be no grief to mar the fun of your holiday. If you do lose your shirt, remember—there's always sunbathing by the pool. That is, unless they've put slot machines there! ▲

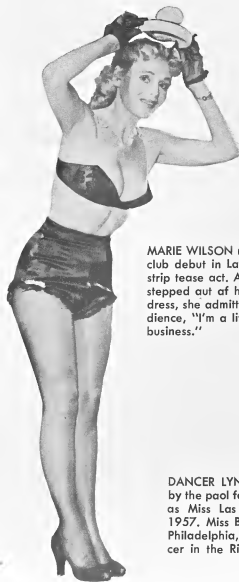


"Well—you said you wanted to see something in jewelry didn't you?"

PICTORIAL

Vegas brand of cheesecake

Las Vegas girls claim championship in the cheesecake league



MARIE WILSON made her night club debut in Las Vegas in a strip tease act. As she slowly stepped out of her black lace dress, she admitted to the audience, "I'm a little new at this business."

DANCER LYNN BARTON poses by the pool following her award as Miss Las Vegas Riviera of 1957. Miss Barton, a native of Philadelphia, is a featured dancer in the Riviera floor show.



LADY LUCK PAID OFF handsomely for Sandra Giles who posed for the painting "Lady Luck," partians of which can be seen in back of Miss Giles. The oil painting was commissioned by the Hotel Fremont for its opening last year and Sandra was engaged by the artist to pose for it. When the painting was unveiled, Sandra screamed protest at the very, very nude figure and claimed she had posed in a bathing suit. Another kind of suit against the hotel brought Sandra a sizeable settlement with the proviso that the painting be banned.



GLAMOROUS GIRLS, inspired cameramen and heavenly surroundings are all the ingredients needed to turn the cogs in the imaginative heads of Las Vegas press agents.

Possibly because of the abundance of natural raw material, possibly because some of the country's most beautiful girls naturally flock to Vegas, and possibly because Vegas is the most exciting spot in America—the Las Vegas brand of cheesecake has emerged as the champion eye-stopper in the very competitive cheesecake league.

As long as there are lithe, sun-tanned goddesses prancing about the hotel grounds, the Vegas press agent need only snap his camera, compose a clever caption, and he's practically guaranteed a spot on page 5 of your local newspaper. And chances are that spot will be spotted by 99% of your town's male population. The other 1% will be spending their vacation in Las Vegas, of course. ▲



WITHIN AN ACE—Carol Hill, 22-year-old dancer, dreams of the possibilities of winning the \$5000 cash jackpot being offered for a hole in one at the Hacienda golf course.



TWO STELLAR ATTRACTIONS in the colorful "Minsky Goes to Paris" review currently being featured at the Dunes Hotel.



"I'm flat busted . . . and NO cracks!"



"LOST VEGAS"

*continued
from page 19*

oil. Well confusion is mounting, and to aid it along Grandpappy throws out a few hundred silver dollars into the mob. Curly, seeing his two gunmen cut down (and not seeing Jed upstairs) is pretty shook-up, so he lights out for his horses out side with the rest of his gang shooting up a storm at the balcony. But Jed had long left that place and now has Grandpappy's horse ready at the rear of the saloon.

When enough men had started to scramble for the loose silver dollars Grandpappy took his loot and ran for the back door. Well the dancing girls are all pretty well frightened too, and at this time they choose to make a rush for the back door. They knocked Grandpappy right to the floor, and out the door they ran a-screaming and stampeding Jed and Grandpappy's horses right out there like a shot. The horses ran at a fast clip around the Cafe to the front street just as Curly Hill and his remaining Mob had saddled up and were riding out to recoup. Grandpappy's horse slammed right into Curly's and spilled them both and Curly was kicked to death by his own horse. Ole Curly shore did die with a mighty confused look on his face.

Inside the Silver Dollar Cafe Grandpappy had finally recovered, and Frank Palmerton was there shaking his hand and saying, "Welcome to Los Vegas, son. (Grandpappy Buck was only 23 at the time). Frank Palmerton, as sole owner of the cafe, wuz mighty glad to get the Curly Hill Mob off his neck. In fact he is so happy that he sets Grandpappy up as the head man of the gambling parlor. Well this pleased Buck and Jed no little and soon they's piling up a considerable fortune.

Two years later in 1849 the town is a-growin' at a lightin' pace. The California gold rush is in full swing and many 49'ers are stopping by the Silver Dollar Cafe where Grandpappy is now the Wealthy Buck James, Los Vegas gambling proprietor and developer of a vast empire of similar financial operations. Frank Palmerton had been counted out of the picture long ago when one of the dancing gals accidentally lets a .45 go through his head during a game of target practice, and the Silver Dollar Cafe had become noted as the plush club of Los Vegas. A large measure of Buck's success was due to the pull of his star female attraction, Sherry O'Ryan, my Grandma. As a beauty she had no rival in the West—they say, and as a first-rate exotic dancer, no rival in the East—they say. As a team, Sherry and Buck could pull money out of the most frugal of men. In fact their reputation was such that the ranchers and prospectors were traveling from Kansas City, Dodge City, Salt Lake, and Carson City to gamble at Buck's poker tables and watch Sherry's bumps and grinds.

About the time that Buck's empire was at the peak of its power there came a challenge from a classy Chicago mob, and Grandpappy's hired men were no match for these big boys. And so Grandpappy resorted to some drastic measures. The Buck James Oil Co. had been drillin' for oil wells all around the town and there were large supplies of dynamite about the place. So ole Jed, who is Grandpappy's foreman now, has the whole town wired up for a blast.

Early one Saturday morning, word came that the big mob headed by Big Julie Jackson wuz a-comin' in for

Grandpappy that night. Well Grandpappy had the whole town notified. Then he packed all of his and Sherry's possessions—including a fortune in silver dollars, and all of Sherry's gowns as they are not yet hitched, but they were pretty cuddly, I reckon; and he has his fastest buckboard waitin' at the rear door of the saloon. Everything was timed so that the hall could be emptied without too much suspect from the mob. In fact, they even had a dry run for the dance hall girls who had big hoop skirts to cope with. Everything was staged to appear normal.

The crowds began to arrive about eight o'clock, and around nine the mob began to arrive and mix in at the game tables. Right away some of the Big Julie crowd started makin' a fuss and tried to rig the games against the house. Buck don't say nothin' yet. He lets the girls perform. They put on a show calculated to set off a few sex bombs in the mob's metabolism, to sort of shake them up a bit. After the show Daddy's boys start quietly clearing out the girls and some of the help. Big Julie keeps gettin' bolder as the evening wears on, and he is somewhat puzzled that Buck's boys don't move in as they usually take no guff from the customers.

At eleven all was ready and Buck calls Big Julie to the bar. Julie is noticeably impatient as he has been waitin' all night for any excuse to blast Buck dead and take over the gambling reins in Vegas. Well my Grandpappy had no reputation as a gunman as he was mainly a lady-killer. So when he challenged Big Julie to a duel not-in-the-sun, ole fast drawin' Julie could hardly wait. The towns people took this as their cue to leave fast, and in no time at all the Silver Dollar was empty save for Buck and the Big Julie Mob. "Wait here 'til I get my guns in the back room," ordered Buck.

For Big Julie the wait was fatal. Grandpappy stepped into the back room and never returned. He dove out the rear window into his waiting buckboard and drove hell-bent for the edge of town. At a signal from Buck, Jed sank the dynamite plunger that blasted Big Julie and Mob from the map, and with it the entire town of Vegas.

In 1850 they began to build a new town of Las Vegas in a different location. Buck's blast blew in six oil wells and he pensioned off all the townsmen who had lost property in the double demise of the Silver Dollar Cafe and the Big Julie Mob. About the only momento of those days we have left are the silver dollars that Daddy had hauled out in his buckboard wagon. They wuz a special U.S. Mint issue for the gold rush in 1849, and they wuz only issued in Las Vegas. Daddy says that he had to throw out a small fortune in those silver dollars to lighten the wagon load on his famous fast ride from the city. "We never did get around to finding those dollars after the blast," he said. "Everybody was too busy washin' the oil off everything!"

"And that's how a hundred thousand dollars worth of silver pieces got scattered around the Las Vegas desert," whispered the old panhandler.

"Now for a small grubstake I can lead yuh right to the general area where them silver dollars is a-lyin' just a coupla feet underground. I'll split it with yuh, and . . ."

"Sorry old timer," I interrupted, "My bus just pulled in and I've got to be on it when she leaves. Some other time."

A few minutes later I waved goodbye to the old gent and boarded the Greyhound. Through the open window of the bus I saw him stop a tourist on the street. Faintly I heard the familiar words, "Say buddy, stake me to a shot of Red Eye and I'll spin you a yarn that'll curl your guts!" ▲

Too Late

*He would never forget the terrifying sight of the blonde,
running through the woods . . .*

THE NIGHT was warm and pleasant as the moon filtered through the trees, casting eerie shadows across the highway. Crickets chirped happily in their kingdom, and now and then an owl would hoot from some distant tree. A clear blue sky towered over the darkened woods of Northern Wisconsin. It was a peaceful June evening. The little stream next to the highway snaked quietly into the woods, carrying twigs and other discarded refuse with it.

Then . . . suddenly . . . it happened.

Two small ovals of light pinpointed their way down the highway, growing steadily in size every second. They appeared to be intruders in this seemingly virgin land. The peacefulness seemed to shatter as the oncoming lights steadily grew in size. Then the quietness exploded into a loud high pitched scream. Out of the woods and through the wet mucky stream came something in white. The moonlight glistened on the silky thing that seemed

to surround it. Out onto the highway it ran and toward the oncoming lights. Another scream split the stillness of the night, this time only higher pitched with more velocity. It was the terrified scream of a woman.

She ran straight down the middle of the highway clad only in a torn silk slip. Her golden hair streamed behind her in a mess of entanglement. She ran as fast as her legs would carry her with the torn slip molding itself around her curvaceous body. Then finally the lights of the oncoming vehicle hit upon her full luscious form. The slip seemed to stand out like a neon light as they fell upon it. Her golden hair glistened and glimmered in the brilliant light that flooded her. Her deep blue eyes squinted as she ran forward, toward the automobile.

Then the lights started to rise and fall as the screech of tires pierced the air. The burning of rubber killed the sweet fragrance of the wooded pines that surrounded

continued on page 30

Fiction by THOMAS H. HART



TOO LATE

continued from page 28

the highway. Then the lights stopped moving and all was still except for the quiet humming of the motor.

She ran up to the car and threw open the door. Her frightened eyes surveyed the dimly lit interior of the front seat. Then without any hesitation she flung herself in and shut the door, locking it behind her.

"Well," she screamed, half sobbing, half puffing, "get going."

The man shifted his foot off the brake and stepped down hard on the accelerator. The engine gave out a roar and the car burst forward, sending the woman back hard against the cushion. Then, letting out a sigh, she fainted.

Music softly whispered from the radio in a sweet sentimental rhythm. The moonlight sifted through the windshield and softly caressed the woman's form which was spread out against the car seat.

The man sat next to her, behind the steering wheel, his eyes eagerly exploring her thinly clad body. They started with her golden head which was extended backward across the top of the seat . . . down to her strawberry red lips that seemed to rest in a position that invited his to test them. He noticed the dark bruises under her eyes and the trickle of blood that had come out of her tempting mouth and had run down her nicely rounded chin. It already had started to dry and cake. Then his eyes traveled down her delicately formed throat and across her smooth shoulders. One shoulder-strap from her slip was broken and hung down across her rounded breast. His eyes were amazed at the firmness and fullness of her breasts that seemed to point their way towards the heavens. The moonlight exposed the pinkish flesh that the slip didn't cover, making it tempting and inviting to touch. His eyes watched the rising and falling of them as she took deep quick breaths. He trembled with a burning to plant his lips on her moist warm mouth. He could almost feel those lips on his, warm, passionate, giving and receiving at the same time. He imagined how the moistness would stick their lips together in an eternal kiss while his hands could explore and caress the tender pinkish-white flesh. The desire within him almost took complete control over his mind and then his hands started to move toward her. Slowly . . . slowly until they were within inches of her. Then they stopped momentarily and returned to the steering wheel, clutching it so hard that the whiteness showed on the knuckles. His mind tried to think of something else, but to no avail. He looked back at her and he saw her stir and within a few seconds open her liquid eyes, wide with terror. Her mouth opened also and poured forth an earsplitting scream.

"Hey," he shouted at her, "There's nothing to be afraid of."

She shook her head back and forth a couple of times and then stared at him. She looked him over very carefully, as though measuring him for a casket. He must have been at least three years older than she, which would make him about twenty-nine. He was at least five-six or five-seven and ran around one-forty in weight. His light hair seemed to curl itself around his head in every which way. He had on a dark blue suit and was wearing black loafers. He also was wearing, she noticed, a big white toothy grin. His front tooth had a gold cap on it that glimmered in the moonlight.

She returned his smile, the terror leaving her eyes. Now they were soft and warm. "Where are we?" she asked, almost a whisper above the music on the radio.

"Out in the woods," he answered, this time looking directly into her hypnotic eyes . . . "After you fainted I drove about twenty miles and then I saw a car path that led into the woods here, so I turned and followed it . . . And here we are. How do you feel?"

"With my fing . . ." she started to say, smiling sexy, then changed the answer . . . "A little bruised and shaken."

"Do you mind telling me all about it?" he asked, with a little humor and demand in his voice . . . "It seems I just got here. What'd I miss? Are you in any trouble?"

"Well," she began, "there were three guys that picked me up in a little town just south of here and they tried to put the make on me. When I told them I wasn't in the mood they tried to rape me. They ripped and tore at my clothes as I struggled to get away." She looked down at her almost nude body. "Finally I broke away and ran off into the woods, toward the highway. I reached it okay and then you came along. So . . . here we are." She put a little emphasis on the 'here we are' part.

"But . . . But why did you go with them in the first place?"

"Just for kicks . . . and besides, I had a hunger within me that only they could give me," she answered, trying to play on his imagination.

"But . . . But," he started to say, only she cut him off sharply . . .

"Oh, is that a pond out there?"

"Why yes, only . . ." she cut him off again . . . "I'm going swimming and wash some of this sweat and dirt off my body." She looked into the back seat and then at him again. "Do you happen to have an extra pair of slacks and a shirt in one of those suitcases back there, by any chance?" she asked.

"Sure," he answered.

"Good. Please get them for me," she almost commanded.

"Okay, only I . . ." It was no use, she was already out of the car heading for the pond. "Jeez" he mumbled, "what a woman . . . and I don't even know her name."

He watched her as she walked to the pond struggling to get out of the slip that she wore. She finally removed it and threw it aside just before stepping into the water. His eyes were glued intensely on her naked body. She waded out until the water was up to her waist and then dove under. The sound of the water echoed above the music on the radio.

She stood before him running her hands through her golden hair, threading it between her fingers. He sat on the ground and lit a cigarette. The pair of slacks and shirt rested on the ground next to him. His eyes took in the shimmering glow of her wet slick form. He watched a tiny bubble of water run from her chin, down through the hollow of her breasts, over the pink stomach and across her navel.

"Like?" She asked . . . just like that . . . just one word . . .

He shook his head. He almost shook it clean off his shoulders.

She smiled.

Nervously he fingered his cigarette. Her eyes ate into

continued on page 41





GINA, SOPHIA and COMPANY



SOPHIA LOREN displays ample acting ability as well as ample frontage in new picture, "The Pride and the Passion." Sophia appeared in her first big screen role at the age of 17, wearing practically nothing above the waist.

A BROAD EXPANSE of feminine chest, wide-screen cinema and several million male admirers of bosoms have combined to create fame and fortune for a handful of shapely young Italian ladies, blessed with abundant busts.

No one would be rash enough to make the flat statement that bosoms grow bigger in Italy than anywhere else, but with some of the beautiful women who have been transplanted from Italy to the U. S. by means of Cinemascope and Technicolor, one is hard pressed not to make this generalization.

For it would seem that all Italian women carry a bit of the motherland with them when they go abroad to keep from getting homesick—and this remembrance would seem to be a horizontal model of Mount Vesuvius, which every young Italian film star keeps hidden in her blouse.

These lovely young things do bring with them a bit more than magnificent measurements . . . but it's not often these additional attributes are sufficient unto themselves to land a hefty contract in the movies. Usually help is required from a huge expanse of chest, clearly shown.

Comparatively unimportant beauty contests in Italy have been responsible in large part for the eventual motion picture success of a goodly number of Italian beauties.

The reason is clear. There are no holds barred in these contests (many contestants have found their skimpy bathing suits too much, and shed them altogether in the middle of the contest) and as a result, a girl can really show off her best points.

At the same time, motion picture people have learned that these contests are good hunting grounds for future stars, since six of the ten top Italian female stars were contestants in beauty parades.

It has been pointed out over and over again, for example, that in 1947 Gina Lollobrigida won the Miss Rome contest, which started her on her career.

Appropriately enough, Gina's first picture was one called "Miss Italy," about the beauty contest. She did not show anything in the way of acting talent that would have made a Hollywood producer drop whatever he was doing at the moment and rush to her door—but she did show a few very excellent points that started her on her career.

And those few excellent points were strategically located, and important enough to Gina's career for her to keep an entirely separate clip book of newspaper stories about them.

While the Miss Italy contest itself has produced many present day screen beauties, no winner has ever been able to exploit the title.

Gina, for example, was fourth in the 1947 contest, but as a result of being able to exhibit her comparatively uncluttered beauty, she landed herself some work as a model, then moved on to a few Italian film productions, which also left little to the imagination as far as Gina's physical attributes went. Finally she got the call from Hollywood.

Her best effort to date has been "Trapeze," in which she starred with Burt Lancaster, and made a great impression in tight-fitting spangled circus costumes.

*Italian movie queens with kingsize assets make
double-features better than ever*



Gina has become more subdued over the years, and is considered an old pro now. Thus, it is left to the younger generation of Italian film queens, each of them just as physically endowed as Gina, to pick up where she left off, and preserve the honor of Italy.

And there is quite a bumper crop coming up (pun intended), many of them following exactly in the footsteps of Gina, who led the bosomy brigade to Hollywood.

At this time, the undisputed successor to Gina is 19-year-old Sophia Loren, who started her career in a film called "It Was He—Yes, Yes." Her first American film is "The Pride and the Passion," now being released. Sophia is spectacular, maybe even more so than her illustrious predecessor.

Starting out in the 1950 Miss Italy contest (which she didn't win either) Sophia's beautiful body, with those two outstanding characteristics which have been the mark of success for many stars, attracted a lot of attention, and got her her start in pictures the next year.

It was a most auspicious start, too—for at 17, Sophia was already well on the way to the 38-inch bust she now boasts at 19—and the picture gave her a chance to show them off with absolutely nothing concealing them.

Sophia is admittedly the chestiest of all Italian film stars, and so far in her young career, is not as embarrassed about her title as Gina (36") became shortly after her screen successes.

Frankly, Sophia cannot expect to rest on her laurels too long though, because warming up in the cowpen is a young lady, Gianna Maria Cannale, who is expected to give Sophia some competition shortly.



SULTRY GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA scored triumph in American picture "Trapeze." She began career as photographers model, posing for Italian confession magazines.



Gianna is the proud owner of a 37"-25"-36" figure, and as the photographs indicate, she can give Sophia a good run for her money.

Gianna first attracted attention in a way similar to the method Sophia used—she did a complete strip in a censored version of "Theodora, Slave Empress," and the strip left nothing to the imagination, except possibly the sense of touch.

This nudity, as well as the abandon shown in love scenes in films by these and other Italian stars, have led to much criticism of them, which, boiled down, means their critics have little or no respect for the moral character of the girls.

Many, many times, it has been pointed out that the United States is probably the most prudish nation on earth when it comes to motion pictures.

Nudism is not tolerated, and even semi-nudism is liable to bring down upon the industry the wrath of any group from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Makers



GIANNA MARIA CANALE a veteran of 15 films, this green-eyed beauty launched her movie career after placing second in the Miss Italy contest. She mostly plays historical roles of women with high passions and low virtue. Gianna is often called "The Female Errol Flynn." Although she

says, "Mr. Flynn and I have nothing in common as far as I know. I don't have a moustache or even one marriage to my credit." Her measurements are 37" bust, 25" waist, and 36" hips.

of High-Necked Dresses to the local Home and School Association.

It is common knowledge now, although for years it was a well-kept secret, that many American movies are re-shot for foreign distribution and scenes inserted, and enough clothes doffed, to make your eyes pop out—all because you're not used to it.

The same goes for the acting in American films and, in some cases, the locale.

Most foreign actresses, foremost among whom are the Italian women we have mentioned, have no qualms about portraying any type of love scene or situation on the screen—so long as they are able to be convinced that there is nothing unnatural about the act, or that it will not hurt them professionally.

As a result bosomy beauties, at different times, have cavorted in the nude in pictures. Many have considered it another indication of the single-mindedness expressed by them to become stars—and do anything to achieve that position.

But Italians themselves consider this nudity a natural thing (after all, people do get undressed when they go to sleep, or take a bath, you know) and there is no attempt to exclude this naturalness from their films.

Thus, you have a situation where a beautiful woman, with many physical attributes worth seeing, is forced to cover them up, although said attributes have been the main reason she was brought to this country for picture making.

Not only that, but her natural actions are hampered, too.

It must be confessed that few, if any, foreign stars can compete with our top motion picture names when it comes to straight acting à la Hollywood.

Yet if, for example, the Italian stars were given a chance to emote on our screens as they do on their own, they would probably cause a sensation.

The reason?—simple enough . . .

Because the only natural motion picture acting is done by foreign stars in foreign films—and they make a reputation.

And once this is done, they are brought to the U. S., clothed (comparatively speaking, of course) from head to toe and made to conform to the acting pattern laid down by religious and moralistic groups and the like—and thus they lose that naturalness, and become part of the artificial world created in Hollywood.

It is a sweeping generalization to make, but all Italian film stars who have made a name for themselves, or who are in the process of doing so, have already renounced this artificial world, and the usual coy statements about wanting to make a success in it.

Some have come right out and said they will let nothing stand in the way of their becoming a top star—and that they will use *everything* they have to attain that position.

Nor have they made any bones about the use of the casting couch in reaching their present position, both in Italian and American films.

Try and get an American star to say (or admit) that!

Don't misunderstand us—After Hours is not endorsing complete nudity in pictures, or uninhibited love making on (or off) the screen.

All we are pointing out is that probably the most realistic, untrained actresses in the world have come out of Italy in the last few years.

They are not polished actresses—yet they have managed, with a few technical aids like dubbed in voices, to project their sex and ardor to their audience, partially by displaying their undraped forms, partially by their untrained, but effective acting.

And we have no chance to see them at their best.

We wonder if we ever will? ▲



MILAN BORN MARISA ROSSI is only 17 years old, but already the Italian film-makers are predicting a fabulous future for her. Less than a year ago an American producer spotted Marisa at the Rome airport as he was about to board a plane going back to California. He was so enthusiastic over her that he missed his plane, and finally left promising that she would hear from him. A few weeks later the producer's agent in Rome was told to locate Marisa. After a long search, the agent finally found her, only to learn that she had accepted an offer to make a film in Italy, and that Hollywood would have to wait.





THE FABULOUS LAND OF LAS VEGAS

*continued
from page 13*

But the city publicity men are not resigned to putting out fancy folders telling nice things about the city.

They're right in there pitching with their more commercial brethren.

For example, take the case of a Mrs. Valrie Payton.

The Las Vegas news bureau, with a straight face, put out a photo of Mrs. Payton sitting on a bed, dressed in a pair of shorts and brief halter top with, of all things, a boa constrictor named Cleo curled around her outstretched leg. The story goes on to say that unbeknownst to the hotel people, Mrs. Payton had smuggled the snake into her room. She refused to leave when the hotel finally found out about it, claiming to have come to Las Vegas for a divorce because her second husband didn't like Cleo, the snake, either. Ostensibly settling down to the six weeks residency she needed for a divorce, Valerie, and the hotel, were spared further trouble when her second husband called to say all was forgiven. The hotel then paid the fare home for Mrs. Payton and Cleo.

Possible? Sure—but more than likely, it was the product of an imaginative Las Vegas mind.

But good press agents or no, most of what is said and printed about Las Vegas is true.

There is probably no place else where 11 such fabulous hotels are gathered in one place—and this is a major selling point to tourists.

Often tourists come to a place seeking a good time, with plenty of things to do, but grumpy if they have to move from their hotels to do it. If they do move, it's got to be the same type of place—close by. The resort areas in the mountains around New York were founded on this principle, and Las Vegas has profited by it.

As a result, it is entirely possible for a tourist to take a room in one of the luxurious hotels along the Strip, and, never leave the hotel grounds. Gambling, top entertainment, good food, elbow rubbing with celebrities, and outdoor sports, like swimming and riding, can be found in any of the larger hotels and at comparatively reasonable room and board prices. If he desires, the tourist can hop from one hotel to the next seeing different shows each night, and nobody cares a bit.

Unlike many other resort areas, however, everything at Las Vegas is almost brand new—and looks it. Air conditioning is a must, as are modern, beautifully decorated rooms and large swimming pools.

THE STRIP

This is the Strip.

Starting from the end which travelers from Los Angeles see first, there is the Hacienda, a \$6,000,000 beauty which boasts the largest pool in Nevada.

Down the road a piece is the Dunes, its interior designed in Middle East decor, with a giant figure of an Arabian gracing the main entrance.

Its folders claim that only the Dunes "dares to restore the price policies that made Las Vegas world renowned."

Next comes the Flamingo, which boasts that it sets aside a million dollars a year for entertainment. Gangster Bugsy Siegal built the hotel originally, in 1947, on a 40-acre tract. It is one of the largest, and most beautiful of the Vegas hotels.

The Sands, one of the smaller hotels on the Strip, nevertheless is one of the most prominent. In the tradition of Texas Guinn, former Huston gambler, Jake Friedman, wanders through the casino here urging "Stick around, suckers." Some of the really big name acts have appeared here, and honest-to-goodness Chinese chefs prepare some fancy Asian dishes for Garden Room diners.

Originally known as the "Last Frontier," the neighbor of the Sands is now called the New Frontier, and specializes in hauling its customers in to see its high-priced entertainment. The second hotel to open on the Strip, it has the unenviable distinction of being one of the places where Mario Lanza decided not to appear. After committing himself for a \$50,000 salary, Lanza changed his mind at the last minute.

Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn is usually the hangout for the celebrities visiting Las Vegas for pleasure. Clark has managed to premiere more big name acts than anyone else. Another of the \$5,000,000 beauties, the Desert Inn offers an 18-hole P.G.A. golf course, and the lovely Painted Desert Room.

"The Dancing Waters" was a big attraction at the Royal Nevada, in the magnificent Crown Room. It was here that the full Broadway complement of "Guys and Dolls" could be seen for the price of dinner.

While the Thunderbird is alone in the fact that it is the only Strip Hotel which does not go in for the star policy in its entertainment, it has been a successful operation, with great appeal for the less sophisticated, and less well-heeled, Las Vegas visitors.

The daddy of them all is the El Rancho Vegas, first on what was to become the Strip, and still in there pitching. Featuring Western decor, it's achieved a reputation for its luscious chorus line, and top strippers like Lili St. Cyr.

Usually acknowledged as the leader in bringing stars to Las Vegas, the Sahara also dropped the biggest bundle on opening day—\$50,000 supposedly—but recovered quite nicely, and is still able to afford the biggest names for its shows. It was here that Marlene Dietrich wore the dress that men all over the world were able to look at—and see through.

Tallest hotel on the Strip is the Riviera. Its nine floors were built at a cost of \$8,000,000, and it's commonly conceded to have the biggest casino on the Strip. Naturally, it packs its entertainment with big stars—at even bigger salaries.

Like any other resort area, there are some fine hotels and clubs off the main stem.

One of the newest buildings in Nevada is the Hotel Fremont, which has the largest casino in Las Vegas. Located in the downtown section of the city, it is a little over a year old and cost \$6,000,000 to build.

Strange as it may seem, the Fremont, with its 15 stories, is the tallest building in the entire State of Nevada.

Besides the Strip, there's Fremont Street, called by the Las Vegas drumbeaters "Glitter Gulch—the busiest street in the world." This is the heart of the gambling industry.

Two of the more well-known places along this street are the Golden Nugget Gambling Hall and the Pioneer Club—both of them known over their neighbors principally because every photograph taken of the street usually displays prominently their huge neon signs.

The Golden Nugget calls itself a Gambling Hall on the sign, and features a huge nugget at the top, while the Pioneer Club has a replica of the cowboy atop its roof.

Gambling and drinks only are found at the Pioneer Club, while the Golden Nugget offers these two standbys and a small, but usually good show to go with them.

continued on page 41



HELLO THERE! On behalf of **AFTER HOURS** I'd like to welcome you to our new **Do-It-Yourself** Department. This issue, the editors have asked me to demonstrate how easy it is to attach a handy shelf to the wall without completely destroying your house. First, see if you can make heads or tails out of the shelf parts . . .



SELECT THE PROPER NAILS for the job. Do not use hairpins as these might not hold, causing the shelf to hang crooked.



NEXT, DECIDE WHERE you want to hang the shelf. Make sure you know exactly where you want it before starting to ruin your wallpaper.

DO-IT-YOURSELF DEPARTMENT



IT IS IMPORTANT at this point to concentrate on the task of lining up the brackets. Make sure you do this correctly. Don't allow anything to get in your way to distract you.



BRACKETS ON O.K. . . . shelf in place. Notice how convenient it is. And I only broke three finger-nails putting it up!



YOU KNOW SOMETHING? From here that shelf looks a bit crooked. Maybe I should have used those hairpins after all. Better still, I wish I had a man around the house!



THE MAN WHO NEVER LOST

continued from page 15

around the table, John found out that her name was Betty Ann Wetherly and that she had lived in a small town all her life until she got married and moved to Chicago.

It wasn't long before John found himself convincing her to spend the rest of the evening with him as he made a tour of the gambling tables in the casino and got rid of a little extra cash, "I happen to have bothering me."

"Oh, Mr. Muller," she laughed quietly as they entered the casino, noisy with the whirring of spinning wheels, the ping of dice bouncing off a backboard, the chanting of the croupiers enticing the patrons.

"Don't you mean, *win* a little extra cash. Everybody who comes here expects to win a fortune, don't they?"

"Not me, Miss Wetherly—"

"Mrs. Wetherly," she interjected apologetically.

"Oh? I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I'm a widow."

"Oh," John Muller brightened. "Well, as I was saying—, May I call you Betty Ann?"

"Of course." She hesitated, then added, "John."

"Good! Now, as I was saying, I'm out to lose money. No . . . I'm not spoofing you, so don't give me that 'I don't believe you' look. I happen to have some extra cash. And I intend to gamble it all away. I know you can't beat these tables, so I know I won't win anything."

"But, how can you gamble away all your money, knowing that you can't win? At least the people here in the casinos have the hope that they'll beat the wheel just once. I just don't understand your reasoning."

"Don't try to, Betty Ann. I'm just trying to have fun doing something that I've never done before. I know I'm going to lose. But for once in my life, I don't care."

He opened his eyes and stared straight ahead of him. He suddenly brightened. "Ah . . . here's an empty spot!" And their conversation discontinued as they edged their way to the front of a roulette table. As Betty Ann moved ahead of him, John watched her lithe form. She wasn't tightly girdled like most of the city women, and as she walked, the soft blue form fitting sheath she wore caressed her buttocks and thighs. He cupped his hands unconsciously and tensing, spread his fingers, feeling the weight of her flesh in his mind. Then, realizing his action, he shook his head to clear his mind, and ran a wet palm through his hair.

"Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen, the wheel is ready. Place your bets," the croupier called out, as they approached the table. And John caused no end of excitement when he casually threw a \$100 worth of chips on #3 red. His companion shrugged her pretty shoulders,

wondering why such a nice man wanted to throw his money away, when it could really be put to good use in other directions. The people around the table leaned forward anxiously as the wheel whirled, and the sound of their heavy breathing could be heard as the small black ball rolled carelessly about.

"I bet six red is the number that wins," John whispered into Betty Ann's ear, noticing, quite pleasantly, that there seemed to be a smell of corn and honeysuckle about her, and she made him suddenly think of perpetual springtime, of honeysuckle weaving in unison back and forth beneath the sun, of corn wrapped in silver foil baking on an outdoor grill, of the time when his mother pushed him in a swing so high that he felt he could almost touch the sky.

"But six is that grey haired woman's number," whispered back Betty Ann, perturbed. And her lips, barely touching his earlobe, made him wince pleasantly.

"Well, the money will be a comfort to her in her old age. She probably needs it much more than I," he managed.

"And the winnah is—" the croupier hesitated 'til the ball finally nestled itself in one of the niches, "numbah 3—numbah 3 it is!"

A rustle of excitement sifted through the crowd as the croupier silently pushed the winning chips towards the wide-eyed professor.

Betty Ann propelled him away from the table after he had gathered up the chips, and led him towards the cocktail lounge.

"Where are we going?" He protested. "I've got a hellova lot of money to play with now! Let's go back and see how long it takes to lose it!"

"John! I just don't understand! If you're going to be silly enough to gamble . . . at least be silly enough to want to win!"

"You don't understand . . ."

"No, I don't. I thought you were an extremely nice person. That's why I joined you after dinner. We seemed to be so alike. But this idea of yours just overwhelms me. It . . . it's not normal. And besides, I just can't stand by and watch you casually throw away your money."

"I'm honored that you should worry about me," John beamed at her. She really seemed interested in his welfare, and she looked so damned pretty standing there so serious-like. Shame we met too late. "But, I don't want a drink just yet! I want to go back to the casino—it's fun! And . . . oh . . . well . . . I promise I'll really try to win . . . if that will please you."

This time he took her arm and without waiting for an answer, lead her towards the casino and a black-jack table.

"Know how the game works?" he asked her.

"No. I'm not much of a gambler."

John nodded to himself and smiled inwardly. He could still play to lose and she'd never know. The dealer dealt him his cards. He looked at them. A six of clubs and a five of diamonds. So far so good.

"Another card, sir?" the dealer was asking the gentleman next to him.

"No . . ."

"You, sir?"

"No."

To John, "And you, sir?"

"Yes, hit me," John answered quietly.

The card was a two of diamonds.

continued on page 42.

THE FABULOUS LAND OF LAS VEGAS

continued from page 37

Supposedly the top money-earner among the downtown clubs, the Nugget has a slogan—"Where Fortune Smiles"—but it doesn't say upon whom. It also has a lavishly decorated Casino with huge crystal chandeliers, paintings and mahogany beams, reminiscent of the Barbary Coast days.

Another downtown spot, the El Cortez, is for two kinds of people—those who don't want to be too far from the gambling halls, and those who can't afford to get too close to the extravaganzas of the Strip. A modest-priced place, it goes in for good food and drinks, a good show and that's about all.

One other small place, the Silver Slipper, has made a name for itself by featuring the top names among the strippers—and off-beat acts like Christine Jorgenson. Decorated in the Old West style, this, like Joe Rando's Copa

Lounge, is a small room on the Strip that offers a nice evening. Rando's, by the way, specializes in Italian food.

Getting back to Fremont Street, most of the places here are strictly drinks and gambling.

Besides the Golden Nugget and the Pioneer Club, there's also the Las Vegas Club, the Frontier Club, the Boulder Club, the Fortune Club, the Lucky Strike (with slots and bingo only) the Westerner and the Silver Palace (probably the most plush of the downtown places).

It appears that there is only one thing Las Vegas does not have—and that is anything that will interfere with the real business at hand—namely gambling and entertainment.

In fact, whether it's Marilyn Monroe or filet mignon—one thing is certain—nothing will ever stop the traffic in the gambling rooms of Las Vegas.

And as long as there is Las Vegas, anything done in this fabulous town, from building new hotels to giving a full length opera in a swimming pool, will all be done to keep the casinos full of people. ▲

TOO LATE

continued from page 30

his making him feel paralyzed. He shifted his gaze to her slim neck that was a deep pink in the moonlight. She seemed to move in a hypnotic rhythm that made him feel dizzy just by looking at her. The blood started to pound at his temples as it moved faster through his veins.

The car radio was turned up and it flooded the still air that surrounded them. He extended his hand toward her. She took it and slid down next to him, pressing his hand against her, inviting it. He pulled her to him and she rested against his bare chest. It tickled and she suddenly let out a hideous laugh that cut out the sound of the radio momentarily. He noticed the perfect set of teeth she had, shining in the semi-darkness. Perfect . . . Perfect all over, no matter where you looked. Then he noticed something else but he pushed it from his mind and stretched out prone on the soft earth. He pulled her to him slowly.

The radio poured forth the loud enchanting music.

His lips met hers.

He felt weaker. His hand caressed her slowly, softly, blood pounding.

His eyes closed.

Her lips roamed over his face, tenderly . . .

The music stopped.

Her deep breathing was loud and sharp in his ear as she darted her tongue about his neck . . .

"Three men," the radio blarney . . .

Her lips traveled down his neck onto his chest while her breath was hot against his skin . . .

" . . . in woods . . . one escaped . . ."

Her lips started up toward his throat . . .

" . . . two dead . . . one in hospital . . ."

His hand stopped caressing her firm flesh.

" . . . three blood transfusions . . ."

His brain was shocked as he felt the two tiny pricks on his throat and felt himself growing weaker and weaker.

" . . . woman . . . blond . . . believed to be . . ."

He tried frantically to raise his hands to push her away, but he was too weak. A scream choked up in his

throat as he felt the trickle of hot blood run down onto his chest.

" . . . Vampire . . ."

He heard a high pitched laugh gurgling from above him. Forcing his eyes open he saw her leaning over him, blood trickling down her chin like he had seen before. Now he remembered what he had noticed earlier . . . the two pointed teeth that had pin-point openings in their ends . . . then there seemed to be blood clots in them, only now they dripped freely with his blood . . . Blackness surrounded him and her laugh got fainter and fainter. And then it was too late to remember anything . . . even the hunger that she had . . . ▲

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THE MAN WHO NEVER LOST

continued from page 41

"Again!" John was becoming impatient.

This time a seven of hearts.

This time for sure I'll lose, thought John. "Again!"
An Ace!

John shook his head unbelievably. It was ridiculous. Nobody ever wins at blackjack! All the books he read said it was a losing game. Nevertheless, he won over one hundred dollars on that hand.

After three more hands, John grabbed Betty Ann's arm and pulled her to another table. His luck was uncanny. People were beginning to follow him from table to table, just to watch him clean out the house! The flush of excitement burst in Betty Ann's face, like a rose blooming in the afternoon sun. But John's face was suddenly palid, and his lips were pressed in a tight line. He was determined to lose the damn money in the casino. After all, to deny yourself of something for years because you know it's a losing game, and then suddenly to find it's not . . . well . . . that was enough to upset any man.

Once again at the roulette table, he remarked, "I think 3 black this time." And he tried to match his voice to the feverish pitch of excitement that ran thru the crowd. He put down \$200 worth of chips this time, and held his breath, during the whirling ball, just double daring it to hit his number. After all, 19 black was going to come in. And even while he was gathering up the winning chips he still insisted that by all the systems he had heard about on the plane coming over to Las Vegas, 19 black should have hit.

Betty Ann seemed to be dazed by all the money he was winning. Suddenly, however, she became listless and the intoxication of winning left her cold and sober.

Pocketing his winnings, John decided to call it a night, and try again tomorrow.

"C'mon Betty Ann, let's get that drink. I think you need it!"

In the cocktail lounge they drank silently for awhile.

"You don't approve of me, do you?" he asked, self-consciously.

She kept her eyes downward; saying nothing, she ran a tentative finger tip around the rim of the glass.

"But, if you don't approve of gambling, why are you here? This is the city of gambling. At first you seemed to like the idea of gambling as long as I did it to win . . ." he hesitated, and watched her flush slightly. She began to bite on her lower lip as he went on, "but even when I tried to win for you—and did—you weren't happy too long. I can't figure you!"

She smiled halfheartedly into her glass. "I guess a

person who comes to Las Vegas just for entertainment and relaxation by the pool is as much a stranger here as the person who comes to Las Vegas to lose his money intentionally."

John smiled, reaching for her hand. I've no right to ask you to explain yourself, if I can't do the same."

"But I don't mind telling you, really," she went on, not bothering to disengage her hand from his warm grasp. "I've been a widow for a year. All my married life I've worked with charitable organizations, trying to help people less fortunate than I. Well, when Tom died, I kept up with my work so that I could keep my mind occupied and not miss Tom too much. I guess I overdid it. The doctors said I needed a change of atmosphere . . . everybody agreed that the further away I could get from charity cases, the better." She shrugged her clear white shoulders in the cute way he was becoming accustomed to.

"So this is the one place where charity is a dirty word, and so here you are, eh?"

She raised her head, and finally smiled into his understanding face.

"Yes, you're absolutely right!" And her eyes met his like two lost lovers embracing one another. He liked her smile then, and decided he wanted to keep her happy and content like that for the rest of his life.

She went on, "I've never been inside the casino—until tonight, that is."

"Why then with me?" His voice, caught in his throat and came out guttural.

"At the table you reminded me so of Tom. And yet, you're different—so very different. At first I was afraid to accept the difference, and then I remembered the person I used to be . . . when I was a youngster . . . and well . . ."

"Don't try to explain, Betty Ann. I'm having a hard enough time trying to explain to myself how, in such a short period of time, I've fallen in love with you. That only happens in those cheap 25-cent novels, doesn't it?"

She flushed, and the fluorescent lights made her face an odd shade of purplish pink.

"Let's dance, Betty Ann. I wonder how long my luck can hold out . . . with you."

He shook his head, unbelievably. "I can't believe this is actually happening to me . . . but I won't embarrass you anymore, I promise. I sound like a school boy, don't I? But you see, I've never felt this way about anyone . . . and it makes me feel so damned good, I feel like . . . like spinning!"

And they spun around the floor as the tempo of the band increased.

After that, they spent their every moment together. At breakfast, she was like a breath of fresh mountain air; by the pool, she lay like a sun worshipper being sexually aroused by the hot blooded God of light; at night, in the casino she masked her distaste for gambling and sat quietly poised by John's side as he vainly tried to lose his winnings which were beginning to mount up into a fantastic sum; and in the wee hours of the morning, she crawled into his arms, and together they soared deliriously skyward, returning to earth drunk with happiness. And later, she was like a young dreamy-eyed bride as they sat back against the headboard and sipped tall cool glasses of pineapple juice. John Muller, for the first time in his life, was content and very happy; and yet, each time he looked into her sensual eyes,

continued on page 46

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CAROL AND CAMERA

PRETTY, petite Carol Beale, a photographer's model, arrived for her AFTER HOURS assignment with a boyish close-cropped haircut that prompted our art director to compare her with Peter Pan. Not to be outdone, Carol retorted that our art director resembled Mickey Mouse. When last seen the two of them were throwing flashbulbs at each other, but not before we were able to get the photographs on these pages.





THE MAN WHO NEVER LOST

continued from page 42

almost hidden by her half-closed lids, he saddened, realizing that soon he must leave her. They talked often about his phenomenal luck, and Betty Ann often tried to show him how giving at least some of it to charity would be the right way to get rid of it—if that was his object. But John was always adamant. It was really the only thing they ever quarreled over, because neither one would give an inch.

The three weeks flew by mercilessly. And the hotel proprietors breathed a sigh of relief as the last days approached. John Muller was indeed breaking their bank. If he didn't leave soon they'd have to pay him off to quit coming into the casino.

The eve of his last day, John threw a gigantic party for the friends he and Betty Ann had made during the last three weeks. And, although people would talk for weeks to come about the sumptuous, successful party they had been to, John did not share their enthusiasm and delight. He could see Betty Ann's expectant look, even though they were at opposite ends of the room surrounded by people; and he only wished he could resolve her expectancy by announcing his wish to marry her. A damn fool dream, indeed!

That night, in bed, was the most painful—for he knew this had to be the last. He took longer than usual caressing her, straining to hold back the flame that leaped up within him, so that he would have more time to look at her, to feel the soft pink flesh reacting to his slightest touch—deliberately refusing to see her undulating movements of passion telling him she was ready to go with him down into the fiery pit of the Devil himself and carry up between them the Devil's fork of incredibly wonderful pain. He buried his head in her breast and smelled honeysuckle for the last time.

In the morning he sent Betty Ann down to breakfast alone, telling her that he had a few last minute arrangements to take care of, and that he'd be down to join her shortly.

As soon as she left, John called for a bellboy. There was a knock on his door barely a minute after he hung up the receiver on the phone.

"You wanted a bellboy, sir?" The boy was most solicitous, because before him stood the talk of the hotel. A phenomenal man indeed! A gambler of the highest. \$300,000 in a few weeks was quite a sum. Not soon to be forgotten, even in Las Vegas.

"I'd like you to take this check for my winnings to Mrs. Betty Ann Wetherly. She's in the coffee shop. Tell her that I—"

Before John could go on to tell the boy that he wanted to continue making Betty Ann as happy as she had been for the last three weeks, and that she should use the money for all her favorite charities, he was interrupted by the shrill ring of the phone.

"Could you wait a moment, please?"

"Of course, sir. Take your time, sir."

"It's just that I don't have time to write a proper letter—," John tried to explain as he picked up the phone. "Yes?"

"John? Dr. Saul. How do you feel?"

"Now that's a silly question . . ."

"You don't understand, John. I've great news! They've just discovered a new serum. You've got to fly back here immediately! It'll add at least 20 years to your life span. But it's got to be administered immediately. John . . . John . . . do you hear what I'm saying . . . hello . . . hello?"

"He . . . hello, sir, this is the bellboy. Something's happened to Mr. Muller. He just clutched his chest and fell to the floor! I think he's unconscious! I've got to get a doctor!"

John Muller had gambled to lose. He finally did. ▲

after hours

• male order page



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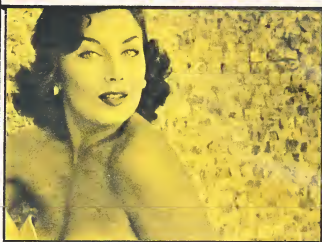
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NEXT ISSUE:



- ANITA ECKBERG
- EVE MEYER
- A SUPER-SURPRISE FOLIO SECTION THAT WILL MAKE THE NEXT AFTER HOURS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM!!

See
ITALIAN MOVIE QUEENS
page 32



after hours

See
**VEGAS BRAND
OF CHEESECAKE**
page 24



See
MONTE CARLO OF AMERICA
page 20



50c

See
ITALIAN MOVIE QUEENS
page 32



after hours

Vol. 1, No. 3



after hours

See
VEGAS BRAND
OF CHEESECAKE
page 24



See
MONTE CARLO OF AMERICA
page 20



SPECIAL FEATURE—
GIRLS & GAMBLING
IN LAS VEGAS

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
and SOPHIA LOREN

MONTE CARLO
of
AMERICA